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NOTES OF THE WEEK

Whatever may be the outcome of the miners' claim to more wages—and the issue is doubtful as we write—Mr. Smillie's position is clear as noon. It is, pay first and adjudicate afterwards. It is that of a plaintiff suing for damages, who should say, Pay my claim first, not into court but into my pocket, and then impanel your jury and open your pleadings. That attitude is so unreasonable that it can only mean one of two things. Either it is a deliberate attempt to ruin the mining industry as it is now organised, and so compel a resort to Nationalisation or Syndicalism. Or it is a plain application of the Prussian principle of physical force to the settlement of social and economic questions. Has not German "kultur," which is a compound of regimentation and brute compulsion, conquered the world?

Mr. Smillie's melodramatic statement that in the coal-mines four men were killed every twenty-four hours, or one man every six hours, when submitted to the cold test of arithmetic does not amount to much. Indeed it would seem to show that coal-mining is comparatively a safe business. Mr. Smillie could not have meant twenty-four working hours, because he said, dramatically, "in the twenty-four hours that we are now sitting here four of them will be killed." Taking therefore the whole number of hours in the year, 8760, a sixth of that (one man every six hours) is 1,460, which on the million men employed is a percentage of .14 or a little over an eighth per cent.

Mr. Bevin doesn't gain much by his "cheeky" letter to the Prime Minister. If Messrs. Bevin, Clynes, and Thomas didn't know what was going on between Mr. Lansbury and Tchitcherin they were guilty as directors of that "crass negligence" which the law rightly regards as equal to fraud. They must have known that the *Daily Herald* was losing £1,000 a week: how

did they as directors suppose it carried on? Nor is there any point in the allusion to Marconi, except to annoy. Mr. Bevin would have been, however, justified in retorting on Mr. Lloyd George that he had received Messrs. Krassin and Kameneff at Downing Street with hand-shaking, and that he was apparently willing to trade with them without inquiring where they got the money to splash about the West End of London, hiring offices over a Bond Street bank and a charming flat in Mayfair, where Madame Krassin, according to an evening paper, was about to "entertain."

As Mr. Smillie and the miners base their case on the assertion that the miners are underpaid, it is convenient to remember the following figures. In 1914 the wages cost of coal was just a fraction over 5s. per ton: in 1920 it is 22s. 6d. per ton, or more than quadrupled. In 1914 the output of coal per man was 250 tons per annum: in 1920 it was 200 tons per annum. That is to say, that while wages have risen more than 400 per cent. the output has fallen 20 per cent. The following extract from a local paper is also to the point. "The magistrates at Mansfield recently dealt with cases of 'slacking' by miners, fining two men who were found sleeping during working hours at Sutton Colliery £3 10s. each. They were discovered fast asleep in their stall with their lamps alight. On the same day a 22-year-old miner, Tudor James, of Abertillery (Mon.) admitted to the Bristol magistrates that he had spent £72 during a five weeks' holiday."

The Prince of Wales, replying to the toast of his health at the official dinner at Port of Spain, Trinidad, said that "British subjects were not for sale." It was quite the right thing for His Royal Highness to say; he could say no other; *c'est le mot consacré*. Still, the fact remains that England has shamefully and stupidly neglected the West Indies, as is shown in an article in another part of the REVIEW. We killed the sugar trade by admitting German beet in order that politicians might talk clap-trap about a free breakfast table.



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At this moment, most of the business enterprises in the islands belong to Americans. We owe America a thousand million pounds, which upsets the exchange, increases the cost of living, and renders international relations unpleasant. How are we ever to pay such a sum? We must of course retain a naval base, a coaling station and refitting harbour, for which one island would suffice. It is very humiliating to be obliged to sell an outlying estate, as our landowners know: but war must be paid for.

Yes, Mr. Bernard Shaw is right. John Bull is the silly goose of a sentimental, who is outwitted by all the other nations, when it comes to business. Writing from Cologne in 1919, Colonel Repington tells us that "the French and Belgians and Americans were before us in the field for trade. They swamped the markets and have taken millions of pounds' worth of orders. Only 1 per cent. of the trade travellers were British up to a few weeks ago, and now the figure is only 4 per cent. We are handicapped by the sentimental desire not to trade with Germany, by our refusal to take payment in German marks, and by difficulties in transport." Even now, in 1920, the *Evening Standard* denounces indignantly the "dumping" of cheap German toys and hosiery. All this is thoughtless sentiment. If people of moderate means are to live they must be allowed to buy in the cheapest market.

Colonel Repington has sound views on the mad policy of placing the collective neck under the heel of Labour. In March, 1919, he notes that "our Labour troubles at home look like settling down *pro tem.* by the usual process of giving miners, railway, and transport men about three-fourths of all they ask, at a heavy cost to consumers and our general trade. At the rate we are going England will in the end become a home for rich cosmopolitans attended by Chinese coolies, and no working-man will be able to live in it, as we shall produce everything at such a cost that we shall be undersold all round. Cotton goods from Japan are now being sold here at a lower price than Lancashire can buy the cotton for them." Already the results of this folly are beginning to show themselves. Boot and shoe factories are, many of them, working half-time: cotton mills in Lancashire are closing down; rubber manufacturers are dismissing hands.

Still more serious is the question, what is to become of the millers? Having been made a controlled industry and therefore unable to accumulate profits during the war, they now find themselves in the ugly position of being left to face a falling market with no funds. The bread subsidy is to be stopped, and the artificial price of wheat withdrawn. This is economically sound, but the prices of wheat and bread must fall, and the millers must fall with them, because, as we said, they have been prevented from laying up capital to meet the change. What is happening to the millers, many of whom must be ruined, will happen to other industries in their passage from control to decontrol. So dangerous is it for the State to interfere with markets.

Sir Basil Zaharoff, G.B.E., is the mystery-man of Europe. He is a Greek, but not esurient, for he is said to be the richest individual outside America. He lives in Paris, having become a naturalised Frenchman, and he suddenly turns up at one or other of the European capitals when a really big deal is in question. He is invariably spoken of with bated breath and the religious veneration which the possession of unlimited millions inspires. He is sixty-eight years of age; is artistic and scientific in his tastes; and has endowed aviation in one or two countries. He has a genuine, if unnatural, dislike of publicity, and loves to move about behind the scenes. He has, we fancy, financed Venizelos heavily, and altogether reminds us of Disraeli's Sidonia. He is the largest shareholder in Vickers, though that doesn't mean much, for we have observed that it is only the directors of Vickers who become millionaires: the shareholders have to put up with quite modest dividends.

Apart from the eternal and insoluble quarrel between the soldiers and politicians as to the strategy of the Great War, the moral of Colonel Repington's book is that the war lasted twice as long as it ought to have done, because England was unprepared in 1914 to do more than despatch an expeditionary force, which the ex-Kaiser called "a contemptible little army," as in point of numbers it was. This unpreparedness was due to the optimism or cowardice of the Inner Cabinet, Messrs. Asquith, Grey, Haldane, and Lloyd George. England always has been and always will be unprepared for war. Our statesmen never have learned and never will learn anything from the history of wars. They learned nothing from the South African war and nothing from the Russo-Japanese war.

After the exposure of the Russian national character in the war with Japan in 1904, it is astonishing that English and French Governments should have counted on Russia as a strong or even a dependable ally. But English and French statesmen alike were dazzled by the numbers, the inexhaustible supply of cannon-fodder to be drawn from the Russian peasantry. And properly armed and led, Russia would have been an invincible ally. Unfortunately, English and French statesmen, being theoretical Republicans, thought that the one thing needful was to get rid of Tsardom, instead of devoting themselves to the task of seeing that the Russian Army was drilled, fed, and led by good officers. Had France lent Russia officers (as Germany did to Turkey) instead of thousands of millions of francs, which were mopped up by Grand Dukes and contractors and Cabinet Ministers, Germany would have been crushed in a twelvemonth.

It is not altogether the fault of the Radical politicians that England was unprepared for war in 1914. The Conservatives were just as bad when they were in power. After the South African war Lord Roberts might, we think, have persuaded the nation to adopt some system of National Service. Yet neither he, nor Mr. Arnold Forster, nor Mr. Brodrick, dared to carry through compulsory national training. Lord Roberts did indeed propose it, when he was out and the Radicals were in, and of course he failed. England will always be unprepared for war, owing to the national character, which has always hugged itself in the formula, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. There are many men who will not insure their profits, or their ships, or their houses, preferring to gamble against the risk. The British are political gamblers, and as is the nation so are the politicians.

The chance of getting the British nation to insure against a future war by some system of national training is now less than ever, because the working-classes, whose political power has been almost doubled by universal suffrage, have made up their minds that there will be no more wars. Messrs. Wilson and Lloyd George at the council table, and Mr. Wickham Steed and his friends in the press, have taken every measure necessary to make another big war a certainty. This powerful band of idealists and fanatics have decided to break up Austria, and put in its place, as a buffer between German militarism and Russian Bolshevism, a republican Poland, a crazy, ramshackle, squalid structure, peopled by grown-up children, who are dirty in their habits, dilatory in business, and cowards on the battlefield. The Polish intellectuals, the artists and musicians, and the Polish aristocracy, a very small class, are delightful, though perhaps a little like the Greeks of the Byzantine empire. But the Poles as a nation, the masses, can only be described as "impossible."

There is an amusing account in the *Sunday Times* by Mr. Robertson Murray of "the war" between Poland and Russia, which consists in one army running away from the other, or surrendering to the other, when very hungry. The Cossacks, as is well known, hate the Bolsheviks, and want to restore Tsardom. Four squadrons of Cossacks had decided to surrender to the

Poles in order to form in Poland the nucleus of an army to fight against the Russian Reds. Their difficulty was that whenever they appeared the Poles ran away. Again and again they approached the enemy anxious to surrender, but always the victors fled. At last, after six weeks of baulked attempts to get into touch, they came across a regiment of Poseners, who having been German trained, stood their ground long enough to learn that the Cossacks were their prisoners. This episode, comical enough, contains an instructive moral.

What the unhappy peoples of Russia and Eastern Europe want is firm government, which shall give them food, clothes, and police. This is proved by the continued existence of the Soviet, which is perhaps the worst government the world has ever seen. Any government is better than none, and its name doesn't matter. The obvious and only chance of setting up some form of stable and civilised government in Eastern Europe, was to rehabilitate Austria, on the basis of equality between its German, Slav, and Magyar, subjects. But Messrs. Wilson and Lloyd George, egged on by Mr. Steed, were determined to destroy the Habsburg empire, with its centuries of custom behind it, and set up these comic-opera republics in Central Europe. What will happen? From Germany these crack-brained republicans will borrow the officials and the men of business necessary to their existence, and in twenty or thirty years' time Germany will be ready for her revenge.

M. Clemenceau is a witty realist, and it is a thousand pities that his career is finished, for he would be invaluable as a guide through the maze of idealism in which Messrs. Wilson and George have involved us. Like all humorous cynics, every good story is attributed to him, as it used to be to Talleyrand. Here is one from Colonel Repington's second volume. "Clemenceau complained of the difficulty of presiding over L.G. and Wilson, since the former imagined himself Napoleon, and the latter considered himself Christ." The worst of it is that Mr. Wilson, after substituting democratic principles for the Rhine as a protective frontier, and after plunging us into "the Serbonian bog" of Czechoslovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and the Polish Republic, has simply disappeared.

On p. 142 of his second volume Colonel Repington writes: "Beckett told me that the staid old SATURDAY REVIEW was hauled up over an article on Riga and threatened with the rigour of the law." We admit that we are a few years older than the Colonel, and not nearly so gay a butterfly. But to be called "staid" is as gross an insult as to be dubbed "respectable." Without consulting our solicitor, we are confident that an action will lie, unless the Colonel does.

The banker, like the poet, is born not made. Lord Faber, with a firm grasp of the obvious, had banking in his bones. The banker must have no bowels of compassion, and he must possess a sense of the value of pounds, shillings, and pence which, to those who lend to or borrow from him, seems exaggerated. Lord Faber's judgment was good, of course, or he would not have been where he was. In his fine house at Harrogate and in Park Lane he dispensed a gracious hospitality. Lord Faber, Lord Wittenham, and Colonel Walter Faber, all sat in the House of Commons, but took little or no part in its proceedings. Becketts' Bank at Leeds, the last of the family banks, is now deprived of its head, and it remains to be seen whether it will continue to resist the mania for amalgamation, which it has hitherto so proudly avoided.

Mr. W. G. Towler, the able and energetic secretary of the London Municipal Society, has rendered the metropolitan ratepayers a signal service by placing before them in a clear and tabulated form the increase of rates. The responsibility for this insane extravagance must be divided between the Labour Councillors, who have got elected in the East End parishes, the fanatic

Socialists on the L.C.C., and the Government. Labour Councillors and Socialists, whether on the L.C.C. or on the Borough Councils, may be got rid of at the next election. The real danger is the legislation, passed through the House of Commons by squanderers like Dr. Addison and Mr. Fisher, which force the Borough Councils to levy rates for the execution of schemes that in the present state of public finances can only be described as mad or wicked.

Dr. Addison and Mr. Fisher, though ignorant of finance and politics, have just enough sense to know that they cannot go to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for any help in house-building, or secondary education-cum-gymnasia-cum-tennis-courts-cum-the accomplishments of a finishing governess. The unmarried mother with her periods of gestation would probably fail to interest Mr. Austen Chamberlain. So Messrs. Addison and Fisher get Acts passed which enable them to raid the taxpayers for the funds. The Metropolitan Water Board, which has turned the profit of the water companies into a municipal loss of £1,000,000 a year is another cause of the rise, as are the salaries of the police and the teachers. The system of passing Imperial Acts to be financed by the rates is very dangerous, and is totally destructive of local autonomy, for the borough councils have neither devised the policy nor can they control the expenditure.

The lowest rated boroughs in London are the City of Westminster, where the rate for 1920-21 is 10s. 11d. to 11s. 8d. in the £, Paddington where it is 12s. 4d., Kensington where it is 12s. 5d., and Hampstead where it is 12s. 9d. In the north-eastern, eastern, and south-eastern boroughs the rates are nearly 20s. in the £; indeed the rates levied for the coming six months are at the rate of over 20s. in the £. Most of the increased rate is for the socialist policies pursued by the London County Council under the direction of Dr. Addison and Mr. Fisher. The number of paupers has greatly diminished, and some of the workhouses are half empty. Why should the middle-classes be rated to pay the doctors' and school bills of the working-classes, who are earning such high wages? The ratepayers seem numbed and cowed, and allow themselves to be plundered by the Socialists.

The 241st anniversary of Dr. Johnson's birthday was celebrated at Litchfield last Saturday. Sir Norman Moore, who has written 450 biographies for the Dictionary of National Biography, could find nothing more original to say than that Boswell's biography was "the greatest work in the English language." The most original and provocative comment we have heard in recent years, fell from Mr. Birrell at a meeting of the Johnson Club during the war. Mr. Birrell declared that the book was the most skilful imposture in literature, and that, putting the Tour to the Hebrides aside, he didn't believe that Boswell had been in Dr. Johnson's company more than thirty-five times in his life. This could easily be verified or contradicted, and we wonder that the Johnson Club has not taken it up.

A "Traveller," whose letter recently appeared in our Correspondence, gave us an unpleasant account of the first-fruits of State control of our railways. In former days there was keen competition between the Great Northern (East Coast route) and the London and North-Western Companies for the lucrative passenger traffic to the Highlands in the summer and autumn. The results were smart porters, civil guards, obliging conductors of clean and airy sleeping saloons, punctuality. Now that the competition is destroyed, and Inverness trains run only from and to Euston, the trains are unpunctual, the sleeping-cars dirty to the point of being insanitary, there are no porters or taxis at Euston in the early morning, and the guards and porters have forgotten their civility. This is merely a foretaste of what we should have to endure from State railways, which would benefit nobody except Sir Eric Geddes, and the already overpaid employees.

In the midst of all this turmoil and travail, political and economic, a few curious persons are discussing Canon Barnes's sermon on the doctrine of the Fall of Man. The old theologians maintained that at some period (time and place unknown) man was in a state of moral perfection, from which he fell after eating an apple in a garden (supposed to be in Mesopotamia) at the instigation of his wife and a talking serpent. The scientists began to point out about seventy years ago that so far from falling man had been constantly rising in the moral and physical spheres since patriarchal times. Modern divines, if we may take Dean Inge as their protagonist, believe neither in the fall nor the rise of the human animal, thus steering a middle course. We agree with the Dean that it is very disputable whether men are improved morally by civilisation. The Book of Genesis, says the Dean with characteristic felicity, is neither science nor history, but a dramatic representation of a common moral phase. Eating the fruit of knowledge does generally mean the loss of a paradise, but then it is a fool's paradise.

The "bone dry" business has begun in Scotland, and we are of course threatened with it in England. The example of the upper class, of which hardly any one nowadays gets drunk, and the higher prices of spirits and wine should be, one would think, sufficient to check intemperance in England, and, in fact, drunken men are rarely seen, while their comic counterfeit has disappeared from the music-hall stage. But there is some mysterious connection between climate and drunkenness, which is apparently induced by a very wet or a very dry atmosphere. In Scotland and in the United States very many men are intemperate. Writing just a hundred years ago (1818) from their midst Cobbett notes "drinking" as the besetting sin of American men. At Deauville, Dinard, and other places of resort on the North Coast of France we hear that the French and English have been scandalised by the behaviour of the American visitors of both sexes. This is one of the results of total prohibition in the States. The English, however, are temperate, and should put Pussyfoot at the bottom of a well.

"Lie with her! Lie on her!—We say lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome!" Thus Othello on the comparative crimes of perjury and adultery. The law, however, takes an opposite view, for while adultery is not yet a penal offence, perjury is, or is beginning to be. The prosecution of Mrs. Bamberger ended, as everybody foresaw, in a serious sentence of imprisonment, which strips the last rag of romance from the heroes and heroines of the Divorce Court. As the editors of the daily and evening papers know their business, we must conclude that the majority of the public are really interested in gloating over the sordid and salacious details of the amours of West End tradesmen and hysterical strumpets.

At last the Carlton Club, indisputably the best managed and most comfortable in London, has installed central heating, just in time to prevent the "freezing out" of the Tory party. The Carlton, the Reform, the Junior Carlton, and the Garrick, built about the middle of last century, are copies of Italian palaces, the Carlton being, if we mistake not, an exact replica of the library at Venice opposite the Doge's Palace. This style of architecture is quite unsuited to our climate: the rooms are too high, and instead of walls there are enormous sash windows. This was all very well in the spacious pre-war days, when enormous fires were kept roaring from morning to night. But with coal at 5s. a ton, and domestic labour growing scarcer every day, the American system becomes a necessity. One of the many disappointments of the war is that we have not been able to "keep the home fires burning."

IRELAND IN SPAIN.

IT is a pity that so few of our people are conversant with what Lord Northcliffe, in a scholarly outburst in the Trade Supplement of the *Times*, called "El noble idioma de Cervantes." For present-day Spain, sorely afflicted by her own Home Rulers, is mightily interested in Ireland and Irish affairs. Was not 'el Alcalde de Cork' a national hero in the Peninsula? A hungry man of Madrid might clap and knock for ten minutes for the waiter in a café or restaurant, and when that worthy appeared the furious customer would ask: "Do you think I'm MacSainey of Cok?"

We had not been long in Madrid before the journalists sought us out, since we bear an Irish name. Did we know anything of "los Sinn Feiners?" Was there any news of "los detenidos que practican la huelga del hambre?" Finally that able editor and social leader in Madrid, the Marqués de Valdeiglesias (of *La Epoca*) begged us to write an article entitled 'The Truth about Sinn Fein.'

"Our people are impressed, but somewhat confused," the Marqués remarked, as we sat in his salon. "Everybody who speaks English is an Englishman to the Spaniard, whether he comes from Caharciveen or Kalgoorlie—or even from Perth, where I understand a fine whisky is produced? So let your article be simple."

Thereupon we went home and thought heavily. Simple the thing must be: was not Madrid's largest circulation called the 'A. B. C.?'

And simple our article was. It outlined an insoluble problem, now seven hundred years old; it pointed out the impossibility of Ireland's "separatismo," on lines geographical and strategic, military, historic and economic. Meanwhile, the Spanish papers were strangely full of Ireland. Men in clubs and restaurants, in trams and trains, were glib on Sinn Fein and "la peligrosa situación," which its ingenious devilries were creating for "el Gobierno de la Gran Bretaña." Had not the student "Nationalists" of Barcelona sent a telegram to Mister Lloyd George declaring that "la Historia os condenara por cruel y glorificara al martir de la independencia del pueblo irlandés?"

Between Spanish reporters and Spanish composers a pretty hash is made of proper names in the Irish affair; so that it needed a nimble wit to guess the who's and wheres of the day's happenings. We had to guess a long time before we could locate "la prisón de Breston," where the Lord Alcalde was confined. Then where was Oola in the "condado de Tipyerry"? Or again, where was Keimaneich, where two lorries of munition and food were "atacados por una banda de hombres armados"? We puzzled out "Lemerck" and "Trale" but "BrisNtish" "Too Hear," and "Bollyrnt" were so much "pie," to be taken "as read" and let go at that.

The Lord Alcalde of Cork was at first plain "Señor Svenny." Then he was "Sworey." Next we learned that "Red Hovar"—"el sobrino de sir Jonhees Redwad, el 'leader' nacionalista," had offered to take the heroic Alcalde's place in Breston gaol! Even the newspaper poets took up "el caso de Cork" :—

Lo del irlandés alcalde
Con gran asombro lei.
Un alcalde que no come!!
(Ese alcalde no es de aquí).

An alderman who refused to eat was an incredible phenomenon in Spain. For there the Ayuntamiento, or City Hall, is commonly a sort of sink where taxes, votes and municipal funds mysteriously disappear, according to the ancient "sistema." But an Alcalde who went hungry for his people's good—well, it was only in foreign parts that such rare birds were found. Such was the burden of a typical "copla del dia," on the front page of *La Libertad*.

Meanwhile queer macabre figures flitted across the Spanish screen, and we strove to identify them as they passed. There was "Sir Amar," "Sir Macraddy," and "el general mayor Huy Bbange," all concerned with those "Graves Disturbios en Irlanda."

The Spanish papers had no correspondents over there, but London agents sent them news culled from the *Moaning Past*, the *Dily Chrenycle*, the *Espre* and *Harold*—this last edited by the “celebrated Sindicalista, Lensbri.”

Now why should the press of Spain, which notoriously ignores foreign news, give so much space to Ireland? Chiefly because it has several Irelands of its own on hand, and likes to see how the original burning brand is handled. Spain's richest and most powerful province—Cataluña—has rank separatist tendencies. “We have nothing whatever in common with Spain,” declared Señor Puig y Catafalch, the Catalan leader, as President of the United Assembly, or Mancommunidat of Barcelona.

In race, in language, tradition and literature, Cataluña claims to be a distinct “nación.” And when Marshal Joffre was on a visit there, he was reminded that one of the “unredeemed peoples” had been overlooked when the Allies made their mighty effort against the tyrants of our day.

Then Vizcaya talks a language of her own, which other Spaniards maintain the very birds cannot understand! That language is Basque; and its centre is Bilbao; the great iron and shipbuilding capital of Northern Spain. The Province of Valencia also wants Home Rule. Remote Galicia sticks to her old “Fueros” or rights, and Navarra is openly defiant of both Government and King.

But perhaps Spain's most perplexing Ireland lies over the way in Barbary, among the turbulent tribesmen whose ancestors dominated the Peninsula for eight hundred years. That Spanish Zone in Morocco is a terrible drain, alike in men and money. Organized Labour is dead against this Quixotic adventure, which is an old dream of Cisneros and Carlos V—to plant the Cross above the Crescent in Moslem Africa.

It will, therefore, be seen that Don Eduardo Dato's shaky Government has its hands full of Irelands at all points of the compass, both at home and abroad. No doubt that much-assailed Minister has his eye upon Mister Lloyd George, whom his newspapers tell him is “muy alegido” over “el caso de Macswirey” though at the same time Mister Lloyd George is stiff-necked enough in “el cumplimiento de mi deber”—which is to say “my duty.”

How, finally, will England—“la maestra del liberalismo,” with a noble name in Spain—settle this Irish imbroglio? “Pero en Inglaterra,” as Don Olariaga tells his people, “trifó el criterio moral, mientras que en España—” And in Spain, the writer finds, it is *not* the standard of right and equity that wins.

Here we have the secret of Spain's new inquisition over the Cork Alcalde and his kind. It is an interest which makes the Madrid editor blue-pencil his galley-proofs of “la fiesta nacional”—which is the bull-fight—and even cut lines out of the social conflicts and strikes, which now convulse the Peninsula from Coruña to Malaga.

THE WEST INDIAN QUESTION.

(By A COLONIAL).

THOSE who talk of self-determination in the West Indies do so without knowing the character of the population in these colonies—where much good material runs to waste and much natural wealth goes to seed for lack of right direction and scientific administration. The returned Negro soldier, in the name of fair play, should be given a sporting chance in his native islands; and it is “up to us” to see that he gets it now, for his loyalty is beyond doubt. From the Bahamas, alone, four contingents volunteered for service in Europe during the war. The only inhabitants of the West Indies who may wish to see a change of flag are a minority usually composed of white people who think the change would be advantageous to their own pockets.

If we stop our negligence and our policy of *laissez faire*, and study these islands and their populations in a modern spirit, we shall please every type of inhabitant (except possibly those who care for themselves more than for the prosperity and happiness of the colonies),

and we shall develop valuable natural resources as well as do justice to a race to which it is due. Those who know the Negro well, speak of him as they find him. He is a fine type of peasant when uneducated, and when educated he has shown what his race can produce in the short time since the abolition of slavery. No reader of Booker Washington or of Du Bois can doubt that their race has a future.

Suggestions for the future of the West Indies have fallen into the following groups:—1. That we hand them over to America. 2. That they come under Canadian Administration. 3. That we form them into a new Dominion.

The last is the only sensible, the only possible, plan; for a glance at the map will confirm what the Admiralty must know. The Bahamas alone, have been well called “The Heligoland of the Atlantic.” Historical reasons and popular sentiment are also against change of flag. But we must get to work and make these islands into a colony or Dominion fit for our flag to float over: at present in many places we have permitted them to be almost disgraced—by our neglect.

With the making of a Dominion of the West Indies goes the vital question of communications. Take the Bahamas as an example of the chance the islands have at present; it relies upon an American line of ships going to Cuba, which calls at the capital, Nassau, perhaps twice a week in winter and perhaps once a month in summer; there are also local ventures in the shape of motor boats, very uncomfortable and small, liable to continual break-downs; these go to and fro between Florida and Nassau. The islands of the colony itself are linked up by monthly sailing boats, very small and dirty. This, in part, explains why the numerous and beautiful islands are so neglected that they really disgrace us. Communication with Britain or even with Canada does not exist, and the only means of getting to the other West Indies is by sailing vessels: one can say without exaggeration, that there is no proper communication between Nassau and the rest of the islands or with the rest of the world, except with Cuba and New York through American steamers. While this is not true of Jamaica and Trinidad, I see no reason to suppose that even here the various and numerous islands of each group fare any better than the Bahamas.

It is curious that, during the War, this colony was a headquarters for American wireless and American aeroplanes, while the Governor, who bears the proud title of Admiral of the Fleet, had not a ship to sail in! This is an example of the Gilbertian manner in which the islands are administered. The peasants suffer not only from this, but also from the Truck system. Those in authority have, in short, proved themselves unfit to administer the colony. Others of the West Indies are Crown Colonies and fare better in some ways, but that whole régime is out of date.

It is almost impossible, without going into small details, to give any idea of the utter neglect of these islands. The educational system is quite inadequate, and in no way suited to the locality or to the psychology of the people. It is a paradox that, while under British rule the Negro has fair treatment (in theory) in the eyes of the law, yet for educational facilities he is better off in America. But whether black or white, the natives who go North for their education come back unfitted for the environment of their home islands. Those who come back imbued with ideals for the development of their native land, suffer even more than those who return with pretentious “society” ideas. Reformers find their road blocked by every kind of prejudice and narrowness that can be imagined.

In the rare cases where planters or growers of tropical things (for the American market) manage to produce a good crop, it usually suffers, and has been known to be actually wasted altogether, at the dock. But, on the whole, there is little local enterprise, because conditions make it impossible to do much. These conditions could be improved by scientific handling and understanding, and by the influx of fresh brains, fresh capital and new endeavour.

Since the time of Columbus, who wrote home to the Queen of Spain about the valuable medicinal plants in the Bahamas bush, nothing has been done about these

products. Nothing is done about the by-product of Sisal; and the Sisal trade itself suffers from bad drying, bad grading and bad packing, as well as from difficulties of transport. Cocoanuts are grown sporadically, but the large Copra industry which might be there, does not exist—in spite of the efforts of the Governor to get it started. The Palmetto plant, now used in America for industrial purposes, runs wild all over the colony and nothing is done with it. Cotton fields lie fallow, as do old sugar plantations. Wild, climbing rubber grows in profusion and runs to waste. Tropical fruit trees often suffer from blight, for want of care or knowledge. The valuable tropical woods are not used, except by one American company, which carts them away from certain islands where the forest has passed into foreign hands. One pineapple company is a good example of what might be done.

The magnificent fishing grounds are barely used, and the black fishermen stand about looking at the fish they cannot get to market—for the laws of the U.S.A. (where an immense market for fish exists, in some cases only forty miles away), demand a ship of a certain tonnage before they will allow the vessel carrying such products into port; and the entire colony seems unequal to the effort necessary to build such a ship. On one island, (where Ponce de Leon found the fountains of eternal youth), near the American coast, American enterprise has started a fishing club for millionaires, who run over in their hydroplanes, escape from prohibition and get some of the best sport obtainable anywhere in the world. While the world suffers from leather shortage, what might be a fine shark-fishery also goes to nothing; and for want of scientific handling the Bahamas sponge has lost prestige and the sponge grounds are no longer what they were. The pink pearl fishery and that of the conch-shell also need working up to the modern level.

As a health resort this colony is second to none; a marvellous climate in winter and the most wonderful of seas, bring about five thousand visitors from America and Canada every year; and practically the whole of this traffic is in American hands. The American hotel management sees to it that the bulk of the money brought into the colony in this way, goes out of it again at the end of the season.

Owing largely to the Truck system, the natives, even on the remotest islands, eat tinned foods, even tinned milk and canned butter, upon which not only freight from America and the profits of at least two middlemen must be paid, but also a duty of about twenty-five per cent. I may add that many of the leading local merchants are mortgaged to the hilt to Americans. It was only towards the end of the War that the islands became, even temporarily, partly self-supporting in the matter of farm produce. Many of the islands are not even explored; and it is high time we sent out a sociological expedition, upon whose report we could base a reconstructive policy that would ensure the best development of the place.

British individual enterprise has not been entirely lacking, though suffering terribly from want of encouragement; for instance, an English artist, Stephen Haweis, at his own risk, has been for several years studying the beautiful and wonderful sea-gardens of the Bahamas, where he says the art students of to-day should go as those of the last generation went to Louvre. The result of his work there has been that twelve American cities have invited him to exhibit at their museums; yet (although he is a Cambridge University man), who has heard of him in England, and what help has been given him officially? His efforts to improve the conditions on the remotest islands have met with little attention.

The people who have been so neglected by us, nevertheless sent in their pennies to swell a considerable fund for assisting the British Red Cross and other war charities, and some of those who collected this money have received decorations from the King; while the peasants, who gave the pennies, hunted through the bush to look for food; or came to the door of the local residency to beg a "cup o' grits." The condition of these people is a disgrace to our flag, and the waste of good material and of natural resources must stop.

THEODORE HOOK.

THEODORE HOOK founded *John Bull* in 1820 as an ultra-Tory organ, whose main object was to ridicule the Whigs and to vilify Queen Caroline, then on her trial. The 'History of Whittington' is an elaborately ironical attack on Alderman Matthew Wood (the Cat is of course Caroline), which Barham, of Ingoldsby fame, pronounced "equal to the happiest efforts of Martinus Scriblerus." There was a libel in every other line of *John Bull*, but as Hook had nothing to lose, and indeed wrote from a debtor's prison, he could afford to laugh at lawyers. Hook died in 1841, and we don't know what became of *John Bull*, except that towards the end of last century there was a paper of that name run on High Tory principles. This we fancy expired, and after some years Mr. Bottomley revived the title for his present journal.

Hook's was an extraordinary life, a jumble of farce and tragedy. He was the exact contemporary of Byron and Peel at Harrow, from which it was thought prudent to withdraw him prematurely. For eight years, from 1805 to 1813, he poured vaudevilles, comic operas, farces, novels, at the rate of two or three a year, upon the town. The Tories were in office; Canning was in power; wit was a passport to society and to sinecures. At twenty-five Hook was appointed Treasurer of the Mauritius, just taken from the French, with a salary of £2,000. The Governor was a relation by marriage, and for five years the Treasurer, the idol of the island, enjoyed himself to the top of his bent. A new Governor came, who knew not Theodore; a native clerk peached, then shot himself: and it was discovered that there was a large gap in the Treasurer's accounts. A writ of arrest for embezzlement was served, and Hook went home a prisoner. The Attorney-General declared there was no evidence of felony, however gross the defalcation, and Hook was set at liberty. In the spring of 1820 he started "The Arcadian," with a long ballad to Lady Holland, beginning

" Listen, lady, to my measures,
While they softly, gently flow,
While I sing the harmless pleasures
Of the classic, silver Po."

At the end of the year came *John Bull*; and in 1823 the inquiry into the accounts of the Treasurer of Mauritius, closed with the declaration that Hook was a debtor to the Crown for £12,000. Under the law of that day he was arrested by Exchequer writ and lodged in a sponging house in Shire Lane, which he was allowed to exchange after a year for the Rules of the King's Bench. It was characteristic of Hook that at the farewell supper he gave to his gaoler and the sponging-house, he should have improvised a ballad ending with this chorus:—

" Let him hang with a curse, this atrocious, pernicious Scoundrel that emptied the till at Mauritius."

For twenty years, 1820 to 1840, Theodore Hook was the life and soul of London, the society clown, the practical joker, the editor, the novelist, "Gilbert Gurney" and "Jack Brag" being the two best known of his novels. His powers of improvisation, whether in prose or verse, in song or in speech, were greater than any ever known before or since, and secured him invitations to dinner and evening parties for most nights in the week. And there came in the tragedy. He was elected to several clubs—they were few and good in those days—but he lived in a cottage near Putney Bridge, to which none but one or two real friends were ever invited. He had an unmarried wife and a family of children in the background. To support them and himself he was obliged to work like a slave at his desk every morning: and every evening he was obliged to dine and sup out. As he ate like a cormorant, drank like a fish, and lived in daily dread of the bailiffs, the wonder is that he lasted for sixty-three years. Barham, Mathews, and Broderip, the "beak," were his real friends, for of course the great ones feasted him as a clown.

The art of punning seems to have died with Theodore Hook and Sydney Smith. A pun must be good to

last a hundred years, and many of Hook's are still extant, as his objection to the discussion of the Channel Tunnel that it was a great bore. His turn of humour was all his own, and always involved the expenditure of a great deal of time and energy on a play of words that left his victim exasperated. The Thames between Richmond and Twickenham, on which he was fond of sailing or being rowed, was the scene of many pleasantries. A round-bodied gentleman, in a white waistcoat, sitting squeezed into the stern-sheets of a skiff, floating down stream, was too tempting a prey for Hook to resist. "I say you, Sir, what are you doing in that boat?" The suburban Josh maintained a dignified silence. "I say you, Sir, what are you doing there? You have no business in that boat, and you know it!" A slight yaw of the skiff into the wind's eye was the only proof of the stout navigator's agitation. "I tell you, my fat friend, you have no business in that boat!" Flesh and blood could not endure this reiterated declaration. The ire of the Cockney was roused. "No business in this boat, Sir! What d'ye mean? Perhaps you don't know, Sir, that this is my own pleasure-boat?" "That's it," said Hook, "now you have it—no man can have any business in a pleasure boat. Good-day, sir. That's all." Most practical jokes are cruel, and the Berners Street hoax has become historical. But the following one was painless. Charles Mathews and Hook were rowing to Richmond, when their eye was caught by a board at the end of a lawn, "Nobody permitted to land here; trespassers prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law." The jokers hastily made their plans, and disembarked on the forbidden paradise. The boat-hook was stuck erect in the beautiful turf: the fishing-line was converted into a surveyor's tape, and Hook produced a note-book and pencil. After much pacing and measuring and note-taking, the napkined alderman approached from the dining-room. The comedians received him with polite indifference, announced that they were the agents of the Canal Company, settling where the new cut was to cross the old gentleman's pleasure—"never more pained than with such a duty." The alderman suggested that they had better walk in and talk the matter over. After anxious examination of watches, and reluctant admission that they might spend a quarter of an hour—"but alas! no use, they fear, none whatever"—they enter the dining-room, the turkey just served, and have an excellent dinner, washed down with fine old Madeira, a bottle of pink champagne, "a present from my lord mayor," and discuss half a dozen bottles of claret and the projected branch of the canal. The City knight's arguments get more and more weighty: "really this business must be reconsidered: one bottle more, dear gentlemen." It gets dark; they are eight miles from Westminster Bridge; and at last Hook bursts out into song, narrating in extempore verse the whole transaction, and winding up with—

" And we greatly approve of your fare,
Your cellar's as prime as your cook;
And this clerk here is Mathews the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook."

The alderman paid cheap for entertaining angels unawares. Where are now the Sheridans, the Theodore Hooks, the Sydney Smiths? There are no jokers left, except in packs of cards. We are all too busy picking and stealing, coveting one another's goods, and bearing false witness against one another. The practice of the Decalogue might revive the spirit of jollity.

BEECHAM'S CAREER.

NOTHING, we are confident, is likely ever to shake the public out of its attitude of complacent ignorance towards music. If offered gold and dross simultaneously, it will inevitably choose the dross; nay, it will pay and fight for it, stand in long queues for it, and, having obtained it, will gloat over the sorry stuff with eyes full of wonder. It has always been so; in all probability it always will be so. Quite recently many

of us were presented with the horrid spectacle of a dozen or so of our "most eminent" writers and artists attempting to express their attitude towards music; with few exceptions, that attitude was one of confident and boastful superiority; they gave the impression that they had far more important matters to attend to; music, one gathered, was for brainless people who had no control over their emotions. This revelation of fatuous stupidity on the part of our modern "intellectuals" met with but little hostile criticism; the public that read their precious views no doubt admired the feeble witticisms of their literary gods, and chuckled over the rank opinion of the Hon. John Collier that "music is entirely divorced from intellect." If men of reputation and culture are willing to remain in their populous abyss of ignorance and to boast publicly that they despise an art which, it is clear, they have not even begun to understand, one must despair of the possibility of the ordinary man arriving at a recognition of the fact that though he can differentiate between 'God save the King' and 'Pop goes the Weasel,' he is not necessarily equipped for an understanding of the Fifth Symphony or 'Tristan and Isolda.'

This indifference to music exists in spite of prolonged attempts on the part of scores of public-spirited men to destroy it. No other art has had such ardent devotees; for no other art have so many men sacrificed time, money and learning. But almost without result. Here and there, notably in Birmingham and Manchester, some definite impression has been made; but in London there is still an ape-like indifference to the more classical forms and the nobler aspects of music. Manchester owes its present comparatively enlightened condition to the labours of the late Sir Charles Hallé, who, for something like fifty years, interpreted the best orchestral compositions to his fellow-citizens; but the gingerbread is exposed beneath the gilt when we recollect that the majority of his supporters were drawn from the German colony of that city. Again, Birmingham enjoyed for many years the advantage of Mr. Ernest Newman's almost daily critical help; his single-handed labours slowly removed the prejudice and ignorance with which he was faced; bad music, and good music unworthily performed, were choked at their source; the stubble was removed in order that the wheat might grow. But elsewhere, though much has been done, little or no progress is perceptible. The efforts of Sir Henry Wood, Sir Thomas Beecham and Mr. Landon Ronald have lifted London only one degree higher than its position of sixty years ago, when Wagner, coming here to conduct the Philharmonic Society's concerts, found us wallowing in the very lees, or floating in the topmost scum, of music. Elgar's later work remains neglected; chamber music is ignored; a man of high genius like Rutland Boughton is compelled to produce his operas under soul-destroying conditions; and the spurious ballad, spiritually anaemic and artistically blatant, casts its blight over professional and amateur.

It can have been a surprise to but few people when they learned the other day that Sir Thomas Beecham's services to music have resulted in his financial embarrassment. This is not due to the fact that he has rehearsed and conducted thousands of operatic performances without payment, but to the circumstance that both in the metropolis and the provinces he has been inadequately supported by the public. This is our British way of rewarding those who labour for our delight. It has happened before; most assuredly it will happen again. No one feels any particular responsibility, because the matter is everyone's responsibility. Here we have a man who puts his fortune and his genius at the disposal of the public; a man who, throughout his career, has striven for the highest ideals, who has achieved one artistic triumph after another, who has delved into the literature of music and unfolded treasures that only learned students of the art knew to be in existence, who has disseminated his culture throughout the land, and who has put new life and a strange ardour into a form of art that, before his appearance, was in danger of sinking into vulgarity and decay. Few of us are in a position to estimate the educational benefit that the country as a whole has

gained from his work; but there must be thousands who can individually testify that Sir Thomas Beecham has widened their intellectual horizon, refined their perceptions, quickened their imagination, and provided them with abundant aesthetic pleasure. If he had spent himself on the exploitation of "commercial" music, if he had hired out his genius to the highest bidder and been content to make a compromise with his ideals, England, though losing the benefit of his great culture, would have regarded him with the whole-hearted approval inevitably given to the man who seizes the main chance. England understands that kind of conduct. But that a man should devote himself to art and to the education of his generation is the one unbelievable folly, the one unpardonable sin.

But we cannot believe that Sir Thomas Beecham's career will be cut short, though we have no knowledge of how his present difficulties can be surmounted. Such a spirit as his is not to be daunted, for he believes in his cause and must remain faithful to it whether it succeed financially or no. Every other kind of success is already his. For a long time he must have viewed with equanimity the contempt in which music is held by the vast majority of educated people. That contempt has its roots in the past; it has some kind of historical warrant; but there is no excuse for its survival to-day as a retrogressive and crippling force. Ignorance may be forgiven, but ignorance that is boastful of itself, that seeks to belittle what is noble, is meanly infamous and past forgiveness. It is a strange coincidence that many of our most notable writers should attempt to decry music almost at the same hour that we learn of the lack of support given to one of the sincerest and most idealistic artists of whom our country can boast.

THE POST-WAR THEATRE IN PARIS.

M R. NIGEL PLAYFAIR recently complained that our admiration of the French theatre of to-day was excessive, and that it was unjust to the admirable activities of the London managers. Mr. Playfair's protest was elicited by our praise of the Guitrys, who were at the time playing in London at the Aldwych Theatre. Yielding to that irresistible temptation of the journalist to draw from some isolated and immediate event of the day vast and universal conclusions, we ventured on that occasion to say that there were certain things which were better done in the French than in the English theatre, though we explicitly refused to admit that the French theatre as a whole was conspicuously more enlightened than the English, German or Russian.

To that view we find ourselves, after a round of visits to a number of French theatres, adhering more firmly than ever. There are two things that are better done in Paris than in London. First, the French classics are produced with a devout regularity at the national theatres, a circumstance which keeps the French drama in touch with French literature, and makes it possible for a dramatist to be a member of the Academy. Second, the French revue and comedy of manners have now, as always, some perceptible reference to the age in which we live. These two facts put together explain why the average French play is better written and socially more interesting than the average English play. This, however, by no means implies that there are more good plays in Paris than in London, or that the Paris theatre is necessarily better, taking it all round. The French theatre has no dramatist in the same class with Mr. Bernard Shaw; it has no play running at this moment as good as Mr. Harwood's "Grain of Mustard Seed." The art of production remains in Paris, as always, almost a generation behind the art of production in any other independent capital of Europe. The French theatre remains supreme only in those qualities which are peculiarly its own. It is a literary theatre, where the spoken word counts for more than any other dramatic factor. It is an honest theatre, which looks society straight in the face and tells the truth about it.

At the moment, society is nowhere a pretty picture. We are living in a period of moral disappointment and mental exhaustion. There has been an unprecedented redistribution of wealth, which means that thousands of people without much sense of responsibility or knowledge of the world have suddenly obtained the power and the opportunity to procure the more obvious luxuries and pleasures of life; a circumstance which invests the word "procure" with something of its ancient English connotation. The war for five years encouraged the spirit of Sardanapalus among persons of high and low degree, and this spirit still survives, though it has long outlived its justification. All this applies equally in Paris and in London. In Paris the theatre faithfully reflects it. In London, the stage censor would not allow one tenth of it to be reflected. The English censor would feel compelled to prohibit two-thirds of almost any conversation literally transcribed from the supper tables of Mayfair and Bloomsbury. In Paris there is no censor, and Paris post-war society can hear itself talk and see itself behave on a dozen stages, from the Champs Elysées to the Boulevard St. Denis.

The titles of the plays now running in Paris are almost enough. 'Le Couvent des Caresses,' 'L'Ecole des Cocottes,' and so forth. Avoiding the plays and revues which advertise themselves *en flagrant délit*, one is very likely to fare worse rather than better. There is a play now running at the charming Théâtre des Capucins, entitled 'Les Femmes n'en Sauront Rien.' We shall not begin to outline the plot of this delightful comedy. We are not sure that the REVIEW might not subject itself to prosecution if we narrated it in plain terms. Suffice it that the heroine is coquettishly Lesbian in her proclivities, and that this fact, far from being merely an incidental circumstance which might be overlooked by persons unacquainted with such matters, is the main inspiration of the plot, and the point on which the whole story turns.

Visiting the headquarters of French farce, one finds a play in which the present transvaluation of all moral values is presented in the best Parisian manner. At the Palais Royal the best tradition of French farce, dry, swift, mechanically precise and wholly empty of any sentiment or emotion, survives unimpaired. But the matter and spirit is of the present day. One admires the cold perfection, and the brazen certitude. One admires it alike in the players, whose lines are uttered as though by an infallible machinery, and whose movements merely serve as a kind of punctuation of the text, and in the audience, whose laughter comes mechanically and upon the instant, as each point of the farce is made. Tradition has united audience and players before the curtain rises. The audience is more like an English crowd at a football match or a boxing contest than a London audience in a London theatre. It is trained to receive the points of the game. With such a vehicle at its command, the Paris theatre can keep in constant touch with every contemporary movement and tendency.

The present play is founded on the assumption that a married woman of to-day prefers to be caught by her husband with a lover rather than have it supposed for a moment that she has no lover at all. The lady contrives to be caught in circumstances that admit of no reasonable explanation. Further details are unnecessary for those who are at all familiar with the extent to which the practice of undressing on the stage is being carried at the present day. We recommend the Palais Royal to any visitor happening to visit the City of Light. At the Palais Royal one gets the fashion of the time purified of any offence, purged and desiccated, as it were, by its presentment according to a passionless and invariable formula. Even the undressing is a purely conventional and entirely unseductive operation.

Do not imagine that the French theatre is in any sense more corrupt than the English, or that it has an evil influence upon society. The French theatre does not aim at having an influence. It is rather a reflection. It presents, according to its conventions, the spirit of the age. The present age is licentious, ex-

travagant and perverse, and the French theatre presents these characteristics in the terms of comedy. The British theatre is less obviously licentious, extravagant and perverse, not because it is morally a better institution, but because it is artistically less sincere.

VICTUS ES, GALILÆE.

You have conquered, Arminius. The Roman
World has grown red with your breath,
And its beauty is perished, and no man
Wonders or weeps at its death.

In your dim sullen marshes the spider
Of your hate in its web was curled,
But throwing out wider and wider
The mesh for the soul of the world.

Again, as the meshes drew near us,
You heard the buccina crack
On the last high whisper "O Varrus
Give me my legions back."

You had twisted your web together
In triumph, but Wotan was dumb;
For he watched an eagle's feather,
And he saw the lost legions come.

Since scarce had the Northern Valkyries,
Been whistled by Wotan home,
Ere the eagles flew back to their eyries
In the hills of a greater Rome.

And Wotan to Arminius leaning,
Whispered, "Though conquest is sweet,
You have lost your own soul by winning,
Now capture the world's in defeat.

You have conquered, but only the bodies,
And the spirit is more than the flesh,
Now weave for the soul, and where God is
Deep in the heart the mesh.

What was it that stung you and hurt you,
When your sword was red with their blood,
But the dead's ineluctable virtue,
And the spirit's maidenhood?

Now yours is the sword shall be broken,
But your foe shall be sacrificed,
Whose sword in their hand shall be token,
Of my conquest over their Christ."

You were conquered, Arminius, and draining
Wotan's predestined cup,
You watched how the world was straining
To build his altars up.

And she can no longer hurt you—
The holy spirit of Rome,
With her eagle flights of virtue,
And faith's legions marching home.

You feared her, the beautiful dreamer,
Lest she dreamed her peace-dream true,
Till victory taught her, O schemer,
To dream of the sword like you.

And that dream flings wider and wider,
Till Charity, Hope and Faith,
Are sucked in the web of the spider,
And the world is red with their death.

H. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

COMPULSORY HEROES AND THE MILLENIUM.

SIR.—There is no doubt that the "Debt of Honour" business is being so much overdone, that it tends to make people callous, instead of sympathetic. My three sons, of military age, fought for their country—which included themselves and me—one losing his life, and I am deeply grateful to them, but I do not see why other people should be grateful to them. On the other hand, I don't see why I should be grateful to other young men who fought for their kinsmen, friends, neighbours and themselves—in a word for their country.

The advocates of a conscription of wealth always suggest that while the idle rich stayed at home to feather their nests still further, the poor working men rushed forward to defend their Fatherland. This is,

of course, pure bunkum. To say that the classes joined up as a matter of course and the masses as a matter of compulsion, would be gross exaggeration, but those who know anything of the work of the tribunals, are aware that shirking by the well-to-do was distinctly exceptional. As a non-militant, I do not speak of their zeal with any enthusiasm, but it is idle to deny that the ex-public-school-boy rarely had any doubts about the obligations of patriotism, while the ex-board-school boy was often lacking in traditions and, moreover, was frequently subjected to the thoroughly anti-English influences of the Socialist press and Labour leaders, with the result that he hated military service. This may have been bad form, but it was rather human, and if Conservatives want to revive their party, they must recognise the necessity of dropping militarism, and with it Imperialism, from their programme, and go in for a policy of retrenchment at home—combined with the defence of personal freedom and the right of private property—and no commitments abroad. If we can preserve the kingdom, we may well be thankful, but the task of guiding and upholding the federation of more or less independent States, which we call the Empire, is at present beyond our power.

The SATURDAY REVIEW does well to denounce the lying promises by which men were led to believe that a new Heaven and a new Earth would be produced by Act of Parliament. I venture to think, however, as a member of the small body of Conservatives who considered the war avoidable, that a great many impossible promises were made in order to induce an unwilling democracy to make the sacrifices rendered necessary by the prolongation of hostilities. The lukewarmness of the masses, especially after the first two years of the war, was perfectly obvious to those who chose to inquire about things for themselves, and that the Prime Minister recognised it is proved by his set determination to avoid a General Election.

The promises having been made for political reasons and having been broken by stress of economic facts, it remains for us to pick up the pieces and make a fresh start, which, as I submit again, can only be done by recognising that our first duty is rigid and undeviating economy at home and a policy of "splendid isolation" in regard to foreign affairs.

C. F. RYDER.

SIR.—Will you grant me space to protest against the crusade being conducted, in your paper against the "Debt of Honour Humbug."

Cannot you find fairer game for your gibes than the unfortunate ex-soldiers who cannot find employment?

There may be wasters among the ex-soldiers, but are there none amongst the civil servants who "served the Government faithfully"—and safely—in Whitehall during the war?

Speaking for myself, I have fought in two wars as a volunteer, though under no obligation whatever to take part in either; nevertheless, whenever I apply to a Government office for employment, I receive an almost insulting reply from one of Mr. Arch-Gibbs's colleagues, who, on at least two occasions, have deliberately lied to me.

"EX-FIELD OFFICER."

[Our correspondent cannot have read what we have written on the subject or the letters published. There has been no gibing at the ex-soldiers, but at the newspapers who exploit their misfortunes as a stunt. With regard to the ex-soldiers, we must keep on repeating that they are in exactly the same position as the unemployed in ordinary times, and have the same claim on our assistance. A small number, who were demobilised late, and through that fact lost the chance of employment, have a special claim. The case of ex-officers is different, and too long to be discussed in a note.—ED. S.R.]

HOW THE NAPOLEONIC WAR DEBT WAS DEALT WITH.

SIR.—In my letter under the above heading on which you comment in an Editorial Note in your last issue, there are the words, "an option for giving transfer

deeds of property to the Exchequer maturing on the death of the transferer, will clear away many cases."

That is to say: if it does not suit a man to sell property for the purpose of paying his share of the debt, he may convert his immediate liability into a Death Duty. There is no option as to avoiding payment of the debt; it is assumed that the whole debt is to be paid and that each man individually must manage his *pro rata* amount.

I have not used the word "repudiation" simply because my letter does not deal with the question as to whether the debt is to be acknowledged or repudiated; I take it as agreed that the debt is acknowledged. And the question I discuss is merely as to whether it is better in the general interest of the country to treat it as a charge of £8,000 million on capital, as I advocate; or as a charge of £450 million every year for fifty years on Revenue, as the Government are now doing. Repudiation is barred in my argument, and the word is not called for in the discussion. The idea is, however, so widely and angrily advocated that any deliberate "shrinking" from its discussion would be folly; it must be faced by responsible statesmen.

The debt is not at present greater than what the existing wealth of the country can easily pay; and wisdom counsels immediate payment to allow us to stand unshackled in readiness to meet coming events.

W. LEIGHTON JORDAN.

[This is our old friend the capital levy, which we think has been adequately dealt with in Parliament. The chief objection to it in our eyes is that 90 per cent. of the nation have no accumulated capital and would therefore not contribute.—ED. S.R.]

THE MINERS AND THE NATION.

SIR,—I am afraid that your correspondent, Mr. Leighton Jordan, is perhaps a little over-optimistic in expressing the opinion that the miners' attitude is due to the nation refusing to accept his proposal of getting rid of the War Debt. The miners have shown no overwhelming interest in the settlement of the national debt. That may be seen by the speeches of their leaders. They are almost exclusively bent upon the so-called "nationalisation" of the coal mines. However, the word "nationalisation" occupies merely the place of the traditional red herring. Nationalisation, as far as the miners are concerned, does by no means signify "the mines for the nation." It signifies "the mines for ourselves." Besides, the miners' leaders hope, after having seized the mines, to use the stranglehold thus obtained in order to bring about a revolution on the Russian model, to destroy the power of Parliament and to introduce the dictatorship of the proletariat. Mr. Smillie and his supporters dream of occupying before long, positions similar to those held by Lenin and Trotsky. Mr. Smillie stated, according to the *Daily Express* of the 7th July:—

"Rightly or wrongly, the miners believe that the public ownership and development of the mining industry will be in the interests of the safety of the mining community. That is a point on which *I am not prepared to allow the general views of the people to weigh against my own.*"

Seeing himself already as a successful dictator, Mr. Smillie has proclaimed that he will not allow the will of the people to prevail against his own! The Council of Action is clearly an attempt of the Smillies to supersede Parliament in this country, exactly as Parliament has been superseded in Russia. The British "Central Soviet" has already attempted to usurp the powers of Parliament and of the Crown by prescribing policy, by sending out ambassadors, etc.

The miners are splendid, and the trade unions as such deserve admiration and support. The misfortune is that honest organised labour is extremely gullible and that it has allowed itself to fall under the control of schemers and dreamers, of cranks, conspirators and criminals. The *Daily Herald*, the representative of Russian Bolshevism, and unfortunately of British labour as well, has proclaimed on the 7th July that "freedom is a bourgeois notion," and has demanded the over-

throw of Parliament and the introduction of forced labour as in Russia. If Mr. Leighton Jordan's proposals of eliminating the War Debt should be accepted by the Government, the policy of the extremists in the mining industry would not be deflected by the small fraction of a line. They are out for a revolution; for "a heavy civil war," in accordance with Lenin's prescription. Let the miners, and the trade unions in general, purge themselves of the Bolshevik taint before it is too late.

J. ELLIS BARKER.

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

SIR,—I thought lovers of Shakespeare and of great acting could be surprised at no criticisms of the dramatic art of the last 50 years after reading the articles recently published in *The Times*, but I confess to being amazed at the praise lavished by the writer of 'Richard Mansfield' in your issue of 11th inst., upon the production of "Shakespeare's" "Richard III." at the Globe Theatre in May, 1880. Opinions of acting differ, and always will differ, greatly, but there should be only one opinion as to the outrage done when a work by a great author is mutilated. Colley Cibber's garbled travesty of this tragedy unaccountably held the stage for the best part of two centuries, and this in spite of brave efforts by Macready and Phelps to restore the original play, and it was not until 1877 that the pure text, merely condensed to suit the requirements of the modern theatres, was successfully given at the Lyceum Theatre. All those who had the welfare of the stage at heart, hoped and believed Cibber's balderdash had become a thing of the past. The Globe production, however, proved to be an arrangement prepared by Mr. Mansfield, consisting of a mixture of Cibber and Shakespeare. The two scenes into which Act I. was divided ("The Tower" and "King Henry's Chamber in the Tower," and "The Sanctuary" which formed the scene of "Act IV., part 2"), needless to say, are not to be found in the original play, and to make room for them much that is beautiful and necessary had to be sacrificed. Instead of Shakespeare's splendid tragedy was given a rough melodrama, and instead of Shakespeare's intellectual, princely Richard, Cibber's swaggering bully. Surely it would have been kinder to let this crime against art sink into oblivion, and to have allowed us to remember only Richard Mansfield's fine acting in such plays as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

RICHARD DICKINS.

SPIRITUALISM AND SANITY.

SIR,—As this town is more severely afflicted than most with the insidious mental disease known as Spiritualism, will you allow me a few remarks?

The matter is far more serious than some folks think. It is a process of brain softening. The terrible nature of the action of this "germ" may be seen simply by reading 'Raymond,' and taking this record given by a scientist. If Spiritualism can reduce to such a level the mind of a man honoured in the world of science, what can it not do to brains of lower quality? In the advertisements printed in this town, one is appalled at the distortion of mind which appears in quotations which are chosen by some person to head those advertisements. Every phase of literature is laid under tribute—and writers quoted who would probably explode in wrath if they knew how sentences from their work are torn from the context, and from the general trend of their teaching, to bolster up the most stupid, the most mischievous and blasphemous pretensions ever set up to usurp true spiritual guidance.

The ridiculous contradictions of a platform which claims to be the groundwork of the Coming World-Religion would be beneath notice but for the fact that the duped and drugged audiences do not seem to realize the absurdity in the least degree.

And yet, in spite of these contradictions, there is such a similarity of diction, such a sameness in the logic—or rather in the lack of logic—that one is inclined to the conviction that the whole phantasmagoria is the work of a few minds acting in conspiracy. That it is

a conspiracy against the world's sanity, nobody can doubt, because the wider the spread of this cult the more insane the world becomes day by day. Is any other proof needed?

If there be further need for proof, let us take note that this fantastic nonsense is being advocated in town halls and public halls, such as the Art Galleries of Public Libraries, and that the authorities controlling these buildings and responsible for the use made of them have no more sense than to allow in them the dissemination of this germ of a perverted mentality, posing as spirituality, while they permit bills in the library advertising the sacred name of Jesus as witness to this modern disease which is turning the world upside down. Public trustees of the public safety ought, at least, to be more capable of sane judgment, and of the legitimate use to which public buildings should be put.

A.

NE QUID NIMIS.

SIR,—While one is inclined quite to agree with your correspondent, Mr. Cameron Blair, that the British citizen very much underestimates the danger to his liberties in the Pussyfoot attack now proceeding in Scotland, yet surely the remedy he proposes—to license each individual—besides being a very drastic one, is also entirely contrary to our ideas on the liberty of the subject.

Anyone who will look up the present numbers of convictions for drunkenness, and compare them with those for 1913 and previous years, must admit that the whole nation has changed, and is changing, very much for the better in general sobriety.

Still, that is no reason why we should not attempt altogether to eliminate the abuse of liquor, and the only question after all is one of methods.

Owing to war service, many men have had the opportunity of studying the Continental system, and I have yet to meet one who has not eulogised the café or restaurant, with the facilities and surroundings there offered for obtaining reasonable food or drink, as compared with the average public house in this country.

When we know also the brewers and the trade generally are not only in favour of making these changes, but have frequently attempted to do so in the past, only to be foiled by the licensing authorities, and that where it has been accomplished it has been very successful, notably in the case of the hotels owned by Trust Houses, Ltd., then surely we may conclude that this is the line on which we might press our Government to concentrate, as likely to reach the same desired end as your correspondent's well-intentioned but needlessly drastic scheme.

In addition, if perhaps a few people still in spite of everything transgressed, then the law might very well be strengthened against them, and the police entitled, say after a first offence, to publish the individual's portrait with a heavy penalty attached to anyone serving him at any time in the future. For the individual himself, imprisonment without the option of a fine or something equally severe, might be devised.

But I believe reasonable treatment on the lines I have ventured to support would very soon do away with what remains of this old but much debated menace, and certainly without the necessity of further interference with our liberties.

ARTHUR RAYMOND.

THE OATH.

SIR,—As all judges appear to agree that the sanctity of the oath is absolutely disregarded by witnesses, would it not be better to abolish it, and substitute for all the affirmation which is now optional? It is mere profanity and blasphemy to use the name of God when it has no longer the force of a sanction, and when most of those who use it deride religion. Besides, the kissing of an old Bible is a dirty and unwholesome practice. It is said that some superstitious criminals, or perjurers, satisfy their conscience by kissing their thumb, which holds the book: but they must be a very small class.

Of course the penalty of prosecution must be attendant on a false affirmation, and this should be explained to the witness.

I know that any witness may, if he chooses, make an affirmation or be sworn in the Scotch way, by holding up his hand. But many respectable people are so afraid of being thought atheists, or at least, eccentric, that they are too shy to take advantage of the option. Far better make an affirmation for all.

TESTIS.

THE TELEPHONE SERVICE.

SIR,—I am not quite clear as to the bearing of the observation appended to my letter in your issue of September 18th, and I have enough knowledge to know that it is dangerous to enter into controversy with an Editor! So it is with some hesitation that I endeavour to clear up the point at issue.

Your previous correspondent remarked, referring to the development of the American telephone system, that "it is all a question of water-power." The facts are that the consumption of electrical energy in a telephone system is such a small factor in the whole organization of plant and staff requisite to operate the system, that it makes no material difference whether the original generating plant be steam driven or water driven. In the vast majority of cases it is steam driven. To say that telephone development is "all a question of water-power" shows no knowledge whatever of the constitution and organization of a telephone system.

The fundamental reason why the telephone is so much better developed and more efficient in America than here, is that in the United States there is no Government monopoly in telegraphy or in telephony.

H. LAWS WEBB.

CORRUPTION OF THE PRESS.

SIR,—Considering the severe strictures passed by the Prime Minister (most justly) on the conduct of the *Daily Herald* and its directors, it is a little astonishing to find the Government giving its advertisement of Saving Certificates to that journal (v. issue of 17th Sept.). These advertisements of Savings Certificates and Housing Bonds are given out by the Government, like "soup" briefs at Sessions, and can only be regarded as a means of corrupting the Press; and they are not given impartially, but generally to the most Radical or Socialist organs.

J. W. NEWMAN.

MR. SMILLIE'S NATIONALITY.

SIR,—Referring to Sir Robert Horne and Mr. Smillie in your issue of Sept. 11th, you say, "When Scotchman meets Scotchman." "When Scot meets Scot" might have been more correct as far as the phrase is concerned; as to fact, the expression is certainly wrong. Smillie is not a name of Scottish origin, nor is Mr. Smillie a Scot. He is, I believe, Irish, having been taken to Scotland at an early age. The mistake doubtless arose through a confusion of the names Smillie and Smilie, the latter a common one north of the Tweed. SCOT.

THE SPIRITUALISTIC STUNT.

SIR,—Asylums abound in Vale-Owens (mute and inglorious!) victims of hallucination, whose psychical experiences are, at any rate to themselves, intensely real, and perhaps their only consolation in bondage.

Fraudulent is hardly the term for such writings, and there is in many of them a strange similarity, but the very attempt to express in concrete terms what can only be visionary rapture, is perforce ludicrous. In the same way the relating of a dream detracts from any coherence it appeared to have at the time.

Probing of the supernatural is not only irreverent, but an impertinence, and like any other prying through keyholes, it is reprehensible.

J. F. BISHOP.

REVIEWS

THE SOLDIERS AND THE POLITICIANS.

The First World War. By Lieut.-Colonel Repington. C.M.G. Constable and Co. 42s. net.

THIS is the best book on the war that has appeared, and we hope it is the last. Everybody is sick of the war, its horrors and its squabbles, and wants to forget it. Twenty years hence, a new generation will call for the re-publication of these volumes: fifty years hence they will be quoted, as Evelyn and Pepys are quoted. The excellence of the book consists in its twofold claim on our attention. There is the exhaustive criticism of the conduct of the war by a military expert of European reputation: and there is the picture of manners in that section of society ruled by American women, drawn by one who lived in its favour. For the general reader the military criticism is too technical and too detailed; there are too many figures; but for the future historian this part of the book will be a mine of gold. The general reader will, we fear, skip much of what Colonel Repington no doubt considers, with justice, the really valuable portion of his work, and will gloat over the glimpses into the perpetual carnival organised by the rich women who have married the British peerage. Colonel Repington's criticism of the conduct of the war (in two volumes of 1,120 pages) is really condensable into one proposition, that the politicians were all wrong, and the soldiers were all right. In December, 1916, he writes (vol. 1, p. 418), "R. [obertson] says that the Cabinet are taking a special house where they will be all together. They sit twice daily, and occupy their whole time with military plans, which are R.'s job. They take up his time and do not take his advice. Jellicoe has already had to tell them that he cannot conduct the war at sea and attend their meetings all day, and in short, in England as in France, a little body of politicians, quite ignorant of war and all its needs, are trying to run the war themselves." Again in 1918, when things were at their blackest, the case is thus summed up. "The causes of our defeats in France we attribute to L.G.'s failure to keep up establishments and strengths, to the Eastern adventures, to the extension of our lines, to the departure of two Indian cavalry divisions to Palestine, and to the despatch of troops to Italy." This quarrel between the soldiers and the politicians is as old as the Peloponnesian war, of which, though an Etonian, Colonel Repington may have heard. Cleon declared that the soldiers were fools, and that he could raise the blockade of Sphacteria. The Athenian democracy took him at his word, made him generalissimo and he did raise the blockade, though of course the Athenian junkers said it was all done by General Demosthenes, and that Cleon's subsequent death in a Macedonian battle was the punishment of his presumption. Surely it must be obvious that all wars are a combination of politics, strategy and tactics. The politicians begin, end, and pay for wars; it is they who have to answer to the mob if anything goes wrong: it is they who have to coax the working-man into the job of defending himself and his family. They who pay will always interfere; they would not be human else. The statesman who came nearest to Colonel Repington's ideal of non-interference was Mr. Asquith, and everybody fell on him, because he did too little! Descending from these generalities, which are truisms, to particulars, how stands the case? It was the biggest war of all times, and both politicians and soldiers made big mistakes. How does the debit and credit account stand? It will be admitted that the three black blunders of the war were Salonika, the Dardanelles, and Mesopotamia, and they were all due to the politicians. The French politicians insisted on Salonika, apparently to provide for General Sarrail, who seems to have had many Socialist votes behind him. The Russians called for the Dardanelles, and goaded by the eloquence of Mr. Churchill, our politicians forced the soldiers and sailors to take it up. The Anglo-Indian politicians called for Mesopotamia as a counter-offensive to Germans and Turks at the gates of India. Colonel Repington is right in saying that millions of

men and money were sunk in these Eastern adventures, which weakened our Western Front. But is it not open to the politician to answer that had the operations in Mesopotamia, the Dardanelles and Salonika been conducted with ordinary military and naval competence and skill, they would have won the war, or, at least, helped to victory? Debit, however, these mistakes of strategy (aggravated by bad tactics), to the politicians: but as a set-off let them debit the soldiers with the latest and nearly fatal mistake of the war, the opposition to the unity of command. In the autumn of 1917, Mr. Lloyd George began stirring this question, and met with nothing but opposition from the soldiers. In January, 1918, Mr. Lloyd George at last succeeded in getting the Versailles Executive with Foch in the chair appointed. Colonel Repington, Sir William Robertson, Sir Douglas Haig, and Marshal Pétain, were all opposed to it, and General Foch, the one genius of the war, was kept in the background. The decision of the Paris Council, betrayed by Clemenceau to Colonel Repington and published in the *Morning Post* a few days after, was practically nullified by this opposition. Nothing but the terrible German victories of March, 1918 convinced everybody, including Haig, Pétain and Clemenceau, that Mr. Lloyd George was right. Foch was made Generalissimo at the eleventh hour, saved Amiens, and turned defeat into victory. Colonel Repington, and Sir William Robertson and the *Morning Post*, might answer that the appointment of a generalissimo was the triumph of their principle: then why did they oppose it?

The social plums with which Colonel Repington has so cleverly sweetened his pudding of invective will, as we have said, be eagerly picked out by "the general." The picture of six or seven American peeresses keeping up a round of revelry, eating, drinking, bridging, tennis and golf playing, in town and country, is not edifying. Mrs. Ronny Greville is not an American, but the daughter or niece of an Edinburgh brewer: and maybe she will not be pleased by the public being told that at a time when coal, soap, laundries, and even hot water were matters of great trouble to most people, she was providing her guests in the country with scented baths. Whilst the Duchess of Westminster goes home in a bus, and Lady Robertson is economising coal in her drawing-room, these gay Olympians carol by, careless of controllers, Lady Beresford furious because a policeman stops her car to ask about petrol. The English aristocracy, always the slave of its appetites, has periodically been captured by invaders, like the Nabobs, and the South African mine-owners. But hitherto the aristocracy has taught its manners to the strangers. Now the American heiresses teach their manners to the aristocracy. It is not only the undisguised hedonism of the new style that repels us, but its heartless familiarity. Every man is Tommy or Billy and every woman is Nancy or Nellie. Lady Randolph Churchill hits her compatriots off to a nicety in walking to the Tube with Colonel Repington after an evening in the Newport set. "She compared the present unfavourably with the past. Formerly people who were fond of each other appeared immaculately dressed without a hair out of place, and on terms of stiff formality. Now people slapped each other on the back and pretended to be attached, and it meant absolutely nothing." Like Bridoison, "moi je suis beaucoup pour la forme."

Writing on the 5th of November, 1918, Colonel Repington winds up his war record in sombre terms. "The vile and unchivalrous manner in which Germany has fought, has roused a consuming fire of hatred which seeks revenge and reparations. The harsher the terms the better will public opinion be pleased. . . . The murders, lootings, crimes of every sort, the memory of the *Lusitania*, of Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt, of the poison gas and the ill-treatment of our prisoners, are never out of our minds, and a terrible retribution is in store for Germany. The cold and terrible implacability of the English is the deadliest hate of all. This is the frame of mind in which we approach the end of this bloody, prolonged, and horrible war. *Vae Victis!*" The author tells us that the title of his book was chosen after discussion. Obviously he means that

the world is entering on a series of wars, of which the last is only the prelude, a view confirmed by all the news from Central and Eastern Europe, now a confused welter of quarrelsome barbarians.

BAT, BALL AND PEN.

The Badminton Book of Cricket. A new edition. By P. F. Warner. Longmans. 15s. net.

THAT those who can, do—and those who can't teach, would seem to be untrue of the contributors to this new edition of an old favourite.

Non omnia possumus omnes, of course, but here are people who play the game extraordinarily well and who write about it at least intelligently. For the 'Badminton Book of Cricket' is genuine, and when Mr. D. J. Knight says of the forward stroke, "To get the left leg and foot well out to the ball is a cardinal rule, and see that the left leg invariably goes in a straight direction towards the ball," we feel that it is the batsman himself, and not some literary ghost, who is speaking. Proficiency at games is made up of two things and two things only: natural aptitude and reasoned mental attitude. It is a great mistake here to confound your p's and t's. The sad or glorious thing—it depends upon the point of view—about all games is that it is possible, given the aptitude, to be a giant and ignore the second qualification altogether. We once asked a famous golf champion how he visualised his putts—whether mentally extending himself along the ground and pocketing them as with a cue, or looking down upon them from above, as a clock-face surveys its pendulum, and dragging them into the hole half, as it were, from behind. The poor fellow was nonplussed and delivered himself of some broad Scotch as to the necessity of not stabbing and following through. Yet he had written a learned treatise on the game and could not comprehend the simplest quandary or that there could be any agonising question of attitude. More recently we listened to a lecture on theory by one of the greatest living golfers, with enough fundamental error in it to turn the most amateurish and casual student of physics sick. We may doubt, in fine, whether Peter Latham really knows anything of tennis or Carpenter of boxing. They are just their magnificent selves, and we feel that when Mr. Baerlein takes to writing about rackets, he will have declined from performance to exposition.

To write really well about a game is to live in the third storey of a sufficiently miraculous house of cards. Such a writer must be a first-class player—that is the ground floor. Next he must have the critical faculty, the bent towardss observation and nice selection—there's your second storey. And lastly he must possess the happy knack and vision of the artist and the power over words. And here's where your house of cards comes toppling down, bringing with it in the present instance the new 'Badminton Book of Cricket.'

Messrs. Warner, E. R. Wilson and D. J. Knight are good cricketers, they know what they are talking about, and that is all. Glorious to watch, they are dull to read. No recent Parliament has passed any law half so useful as one which would prevent people talking and writing about that which they do supremely well. Old Irving, best of batsmen on the treacherous Elsinore wicket, was ever a failure when he talked about Hamlet instead of playing him. The contributors to the present volume fail to realise that books upon cricket are for winter reading. They are not, or should not be, used as manuals of instruction to be taken on the field after the manner of those silly compilations—all squares and stances—which the golf maniac takes on to the tee. "Balance," says Mr. Knight, a shade heavily, "is to the bat itself what a good sound-box is to a gramophone or a sound magneto to the engine of a motor car." But he feels that this prosy imagery will not do and lumberingly soars to a likening of Mr. Gilbert Jessop to Horatius Cocles. How different he who hides his identity under the plain "Cricketer"! Here is a picture by this graceful writer, and we have the more pleasure in quoting it in that it adorned the pages of a Northern journal as delightful in its handling

of the ornaments of life as it is disastrous when it touches the substance, the paper without which Mr. Arnold Bennett has professed himself unable to take breakfast:—

"Hobbs's batting is easily the most joyous thing in cricket to-day. With him a bat is like a violin to Kreisler; a thing with which to captivate oneself and thousands of others. There can be little difference between the mood of these two men as they go to work in their different ways—every innings by Hobbs is a sheer Caprice Viennois."

We beg leave to doubt whether this new edition of an old favourite has not let slip some of the wonder of the game. Messrs. G. W. Beldam and the Central News, Ltd., are excellent photographers, but do they quite recapture the glamour of the wretched wood-cuts of the old volumes? "A. C. MacLaren driving C. E. McLeod to the boundary at Lord's in 1905," is an excellent snap-shot. But can it be compared with the infamously bad picture entitled, "M.C.C. & Ground v. Australians, Lord's, May 22, 1884, W. G. Grace l.b.w. bowled Palmer 101"? There you can see from the great man's back how pleased he was with his innings and from his beard how disgruntled that he did not carry his bat. Andrew Lang's gracious chapter on the 'History of Cricket' is omitted, and the new book plunges at once into the sordid question of how to make runs.

Cricket still remains the game for gentlemen, and will do if the press will leave it alone. We rather rubbed our eyes recently on reading of an attendance at the Oval of 30,000 spectators. Who would have thought in these days of Bolshevism, ruffianism, hooliganism and all the other isms, engendered by the teaching of Mr. Smillie, that there were thirty thousand gentlemen left in England, let alone London?

THE NEW UTILITY.

Moral Values. By W. Goodnow Everett. Heinemann. 15s. net.

THE discriminating reader, who is not necessarily the same individual as the discerning reviewer—the latter a martyr in deed if not in will—may, one fears, discover at the very outset that this is a treatise on ethics, and flee. On the whole, we are persuaded that he would be mistaken, for it contains a great deal of useful information on moral philosophy. Mr. Everett is Professor of Philosophy in Brown University—we wish we knew where Brown University is—and several of these chapters are presumably the stuff, as Canon Barnes would say, from which the lectures were evolved. In that case, they were uncommonly good lectures, and the students of Brown University, wherever it may be, are to be congratulated on possessing a teacher who knows what he wants to say and how to say it. As an introduction to ethics we know few things better done, and those who want such an introduction will not regret their fifteen shillings.

So far, so good. The trouble begins when one recollects that Mr. Everett set out to write an original book. The standard of moral values which he discusses does not seem to us to differ appreciably from the doctrine of the old utilitarian school, and does not in fact help very much. We are all dissatisfied with the utilitarians nowadays, partly because they were our grandfathers, partly because (as the publisher Macmillan said of John Stuart Mill) they were not at the very centre of truth. Some factors escaped their summing up, and it is precisely those factors that we remember; and Mr. J. M. Robertson hit the mark when he said, in his recent 'History of Moral Philosophy,' that what is wanted now is a general reconstruction of ethics. It would be monstrously unfair to complain that Professor Everett has not obliged us; he has written the kind of book he had in his mind, and he was perhaps hardly aware that what the world wanted was a more radical treatment altogether. Or perhaps he disagreed with the world, and thought it foolish to demand something new in ethics, where so much of the old is available.

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But the demand is really not altogether unreasonable. Every other department of philosophy has changed during the past fifty years; in ethics alone we still follow, or do not follow, the old leaders. That fact alone gives moral philosophy an archaic appearance in comparison with other branches of study; but in addition the world has changed, and the solutions which seemed satisfactory enough for a different state of politics and economics are no longer adequate. We can only regret that Professor Everett has preferred the more academic path.

MUSIC NOTES

THE OUTLOOK.—As a rule there is a great deal too much music going on in London. Much more, certainly, than musical London is capable of digesting. Elsewhere in the Kingdom this is not the case to anything like the same extent. In the big provincial towns the supply is better regulated to suit the demand, and even the music itself is on the average worthier of attention than the heterogeneous mass of performances presented in the capital of the Empire. If this could be cut down by about one-half, it would unquestionably be to the advantage of the art and those who profess it. As for the public—the people, we mean, who pay to go to concerts or hear opera—let it be conceded that they know, on the whole, the kind of music they like, but it is by no means certain that more than a small minority is capable of discriminating between good music and bad. We have had recent proof, if proof were needed, of what some "celebrities," otherwise cultured, intellectual, even gifted folk, think or feel or understand about music. Only those who have been asked the question have been quoted, but it is our opinion that they represent the majority, and if that be really so, no wonder other countries describe us as an "unmusical nation." No wonder such prodigious quantities of poor stuff, such countless examples of inferior "artistry" (if the word may be excused) are allowed to pass muster in our metropolitan concert-rooms as good music. This does not necessarily include the emanations or the offspring of the *nouvel art*, with all its extremes of eccentricity, of bizarrie, of pretentious and irresponsible nonsense. If such rubbish is welcomed as the real thing, that is largely the fault of critics like those who at the recent Worcester Festival (a splendid success, we are glad to say) took occasion to belittle Handel and administer a sound drubbing to Mendelssohn for having composed such sentimental trash as 'Elijah.' Happily, however, side by side with the worthless, there is a vast quantity of music heard in London that is excellent of its type, that is genuinely first-rate, alike as to quality and execution, that is worthy of our best traditions, not our worst. What the coming season is going to bring forth is rather harder than usual to predict. For one thing, opera is distinctly under a cloud. If Sir Thomas Beecham's troubles are to be attributed, as is said, to his having made opera his "hobby," then we can only conclude that he has ridden it either too little or too much. In our view he would have done better to leave the Covent Garden grand season to its fate, whatever that might have been, and devote himself exclusively to the exploitation and improvement of English Opera in London and the provinces. He may yet do this and find therein a profitable *métier*. Until then we shall probably have to put up with the second-rate article, or none at all, and the mere mention of opera as a national institution will be sedulously avoided, together with other utopian schemes, greatly to be desired, but quite impossible. Meanwhile we note with satisfaction the continued tendency towards the decentralization of the concert area which was advocated by the SATURDAY REVIEW a year or so ago. Having spread south as far as Westminster with tolerable success, an effort is now to be made to extend the recognised limits as far east as Kingsway, where the hall of that name certainly provides a locale well adapted for orchestral and vocal concerts on a substantial scale. The venturesome manager in this case is Mr. Thomas Quinlan, who is announcing a series of twelve subscription concerts at fortnightly intervals, beginning on Saturday afternoon, October 16. An attractive programme at each concert will be ensured by the co-operation of what are known as "all-star soloists" and a first-rate orchestra—either the British Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Adrian Boult, or, for the last four concerts in April, 1921, that of the Scala opera-house under the direction of the famous conductor Arturo Toscanini, who, apart from the grotesque fables with which press-agents love to surround him, is really a *chef-d'orchestre* of originality and genius—probably the greatest by a long way that Italy has ever brought forth. The début of Toscanini in London will be an event of genuine importance and musical interest. Let us hope that by the time he gets here the concerts at Kingsway Hall will have brought credit to Mr. Quinlan's managerial *flair* and established the reputation of the place for music that is worth going to hear. In the meantime the Promenade season at Queen's Hall has another month to run. It is progressing quite successfully on conventional lines. The nightly crowds appear to enjoy themselves amazingly.

FICTION IN BRIEF

THE NORTH DOOR, by Greville Macdonald (Constable, 7s. 6d. net) is a romance of the Cornish coast in the smuggling days before the French Revolution. Its principal character is Christopher Ravenna, the vicar of a tiny parish with a ruinous old church, whose closed north door gives its title to the book.

The principal interest lies in the horrible cruelties of the parish apprenticeship to the cotton mills in their early days, and there is besides the mystery of a vanished husband and a wrongful conviction for murder. The book has a marked character of its own, it is unusual and arresting.

THE GOD IN THE THICKET, by C. E. Lawrence (Dent, 6s. net) is a charming fantasy telling of the adventures of Jan Aylmer, a music maker. When driven out of the every-day world he enters the forest of Pan, and takes up his abode among Harlequin and his fairy rout. Love and strife and sacrifice make up a slight story, admirably told, all of a piece, without one jarring note. It is a little masterpiece.

A CHILD OF THE ALPS, by Margaret Symonds (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d. net) is a remarkably good first novel, introducing us to the folk of a small Swiss canton, nobly-born peasants. An Englishwoman of the upper middle classes marries a Swiss in the early seventies, and the story is of her orphan daughter, brought up in the shadow of the mountains and transplanted to England. The greater part of the action takes place in Italy, and turns on the conflict between her Swiss and her English educations. The book is a just foundation for high hope of the author's future work.

THE WATCH-DOG OF THE CROWN, by John Knipe (Lane, 7s. net) is a historical romance of the days of Edward VI., centring round Seymour's plot to kill the King and his sister Mary, in order to put Elizabeth on the throne and marry her himself. Sir Henry Talbot, Constable of the Tower, is the watch-dog of the title and the story turns on the contest between his love for a fair accomplice of the traitor and his duty to his King and country. The story is a good one, the local colour is reasonably correct, though the law is distinctly novelist's, and the writing good Tottenham Court Road rather than Wardour Street. If it is a first attempt, it is a hopeful one.

THE MILLS OF THE GODS, by Elizabeth Robins (Butterworth, 7s. net) is another collection of short stories, two of them dealing with life in Alaska, full of the sentiment of the Magnetic North. 'Under His Roof' is perhaps the best of the seven, while the title-story is more tragic and the revenge in it more haunting. 'The Derrington Ghost' is a skilfully put together commonplace tale, while the 'Tortoiseshell Cat' was evidently written for an American public. The book on the whole, while up to the author's standard, will not increase her reputation.

RASPBERRY JAM, by Carolyn Wells (Lippincott, 7s. net) is another of this author's detective stories for an American public. A husband, who refuses his wife pocket-money but lets her run up any bill she likes, is found dead one morning after a quarrel with her on the subject. No one can possibly be suspected except the wife, as the suite of rooms was locked and the flat was high above the ground. At last Fleming Stone, Mr. Wells's creation, is called in and the mystery is solved.

MR. PRESTON'S DAUGHTER, by Thomas Cobb (Lane, 7s. net). Godfrey Raymond, in love with Monica, makes the acquaintance of Essa Maynard at the Zoo, where she had spoken to his uncle, Mr. Preston. Being an attractive person, she forces herself on the young staff officer several times, causing trouble with Monica. Mr. Preston, who is an invalid, calls on Mrs. Maynard and dies in her rooms. Godfrey, as his heir, has to clear up matters and put himself right with Monica. Mr. Cobb on this foundation builds up a very good story with his accustomed skill.

THE IVORY TRAIL, by Talbot Mundy (Constable, 7s. 6d. net) is a first-rate adventure story. An old slave trader has hidden somewhere on the borders of German, Belgian, and English East Africa, an immense store of ivory. Its existence is known, but no one has been able to find it. A German, ethnologist by profession, but spy and organiser of rebellion in practice, has narrowed down the possible localities. Three travelling Englishmen join in the hunt, are captured by the Germans with the aid of an Englishwoman in their pay, escape, and after many adventures are successful. The tale is kept up to a high pitch of excitement from start to finish, and any lover of adventure will follow the fortunes of the searchers with breathless attention.

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MOTOR NOTES

One wonders how many Mercedes cars the Germans expect to sell at £3,500 apiece. The Mercedes is, of course, a very fine car; it always has been. But even for a defeated nation who are not writhing in the agonies of a glorious peace the price seems optimistic. The actual figure at which Germans can purchase a post-war Mercedes in their own country is probably considerably less than the equivalent of thirty-five hundred pounds, but this figure has been quoted as the price they choose to charge British customers. Quite a long time ago we were invited to take a run in a new Mercedes. We do not think it was actually a post-war model, but rather one of the German "War Office" type that were used so effectively against the Allies in the Great War. We have no idea how the new "Merc." got here so soon after the cessation of hostilities, but, at any rate, it ran very well over the northern heights of London. What will happen to such cars as the new Mercedes, if they reach this country, under the present international and economic conditions it is difficult to say. The matter is certainly an interesting one, for it will reflect very largely the post-war attitude of the Englishman with a lot of money to spend towards good things produced by our late enemy. It is certain that the Germans are losing no opportunity of getting their cars upon the British market once more. The Mercedes, for instance, is already being actively represented in this country, and a demonstration model has been shown in London. German enterprise in regard to British overseas possessions is even more convincing, for we understand that so long ago as December last the Benz people had three hundred chassis waiting on the docks at Hamburg for shipment to India!

For purposes of home consumption, and, no doubt, of opening up all the business they can abroad, the German motor manufacturing firms are now going full steam ahead. As in other directions, their employees are more united than are many classes of workers in

this country, and the leaders of the German motor industry foresee great possibilities of extended trade in the not very distant future. It is not for us to boom them, but in view of the apathy which is still so extraordinarily evident in the British trade one does feel concerned as to how things will work out. The German motor trade sells good articles, but many British manufacturers sell better. This being so, the question of respective advancement becomes largely one of national policy and internal economy. No British Government has ever done much for the home motor trade, and if there is any sinking of heart among English car manufacturers it certainly finds much justification in the official attitude of our present legislators. They are willing to acknowledge the part played by the motor industry in winning the war, but they seem to be extraordinarily unconscious of the national importance of assisting it to prosper under the new "peace" conditions. Much of the present difficulty, it must be acknowledged, is due to the stubborn attitude of Labour, which, in its turn, is attributable to professional agitators who apparently cannot see that they are killing the goose that lays the golden egg. The situation of the British motor trade, as a whole, is a very complex one, and in connection with its present difficulties the possibilities of the German trade's advancement should certainly be seriously considered.

The British motor trade has recovered from the transition period of returning to normal output comparatively quickly. This, in conjunction with a general tightening of purse strings, has resulted already in something of a slump. In certain classes of pleasure motors we have already reached over-production if only the home market is to be considered. The obvious remedy to maintain trade and to secure technical developments is export; and, as we have said, the average British motor manufacturer is a very slow-thinking individual in this connection. Perhaps the suggestion already well substantiated, that the Mercedes and other German cars may soon find a ready sale in England and her Colonies will arouse him from a dangerous apathy.

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THE CITY

"Spot" rubber (smoked sheet) is down to 1s. 5d., which means that the lower grades of rubber, scrap, etc., are down to nearly a shilling. As the landing charges have to be deducted, the planters will not be making more than 4d. or 5d. per lb. This is a serious outlook, and it is not surprising that the Rubber Growers' Association should have issued a request to the companies to reduce their output for the coming year by 25 per cent. There are three causes of the present collapse of raw rubber, viz., 1. Too much rubber has been produced. 2. There are financial crises in the United States and in Japan, due to speculation. 3. The rupee exchange is heavily against the Ceylon and Burma Companies. The rubber manufacturers, *i.e.*, the makers of tyres and rubber goods, are actually re-selling their surplus stocks of raw rubber in the market.

Most people would think that the fall in rubber ought to bring down the price of motor tyres. But rubber is a much smaller factor in the cost of the tyre than formerly. The cost and scarcity of cotton, and the exorbitant wages, are the chief factors in the price, though there can be no doubt that the rubber manufacturers have been taking full advantage of the recent mad boom in motor cars. The Americans never do things by halves; and as there is no doubt of the financial stringency in the United States, we may expect to witness an avalanche of second-hand cars both in America and here. All the speculators have miscalculated the date of the recovery of Russia and Central Europe. The continuance in power of Lenin and Trotsky, and the utter chaos in Central Europe, have upset many schemes "from China to Peru."

Strike-ridden markets are the order of the moment. At the time of writing, the question whether the miners will come out or not is still in the balance. It is possible that when these lines appear a labour war will have been averted and the crowning mischief avoided, in which case it will perhaps be possible to form some conclusive idea as to what the future has in store for the industries of this country. The very thought of a strike, however, has already done incalculable harm, in that it has entailed a definite check to enterprise and destroyed confidence, while stimulating foreign competition.

A reflection of the lack of confidence is undoubtedly found in the reception the public gave the other day to the five-corporation loan of five millions in six per cents. As was to be expected, the best results were achieved in the case of the Brighton portion, which amounted to nearly half-a-million. Even in this case the underwriters get 44 per cent., but where Bristol, Plymouth, and Portsmouth respectively are concerned they have to shoulder 66, 72 and 85 per cent. respectively, while of Swansea's million the public subscribed only a beggarly 9 per cent. The default of the Swansea Harbour Trust in the earlier part of the year probably in a measure explains this. The advisability of bringing out this loan at a time when certain portions of the previous offer were still at a discount was very much to be questioned. There is but little wrong with the security, however, and given reasonable abstention from further emissions for a time the underwriters will doubtless be able gradually to disburden themselves.

It is significant of the present time that while trustee 6 per cents. go a-begging, the securities of undertakings unhampered by labour threats and excessive rates are becoming increasingly popular. Evidence of this is afforded by the recent offer of Debentures to the amount of a million sterling by the Burma Corporation and of £800,000 Second Debentures by the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, to which latter we referred a week ago. These undertakings are domiciled in Rangoon and Newfoundland respectively and in both cases the amount offered was handsomely

over-subscribed. Of course the security in each case is excellent, but at least as much may be said of home corporation loans.

The recent recovery in Home Railway securities, coming, as it did, at a time when the outlook for the industry was rendered particularly black by strike fears, is a little puzzling. Probably the explanation is to be found in the fact that professional "bears" who are as numerous as present day circumstances of dealing will permit, anticipated that a strike would be averted and accordingly repurchased for fear that a proclamation of industrial peace might herald a rush of public business. Actually there is little ground indeed for such fears, because before the Railway market can hope to regain its one-time favour it must be demonstrated that the rank and file of the systems are on a self-supporting basis. Present rates and fares should in theory render them so, but it remains to be disclosed to what extent business has been diverted or killed by the increases, and this is a very important consideration.

A great deal of publicity has been given this week to the terms of the big 6 per cent. Loan to be launched next month. As a matter of fact the information contains nothing in the way of news, for the whole of it was officially published in Paris in August. The sharp rise on the London market in the quotations for the Five per cent. and Four per cent. Rentes was attributable to anticipations that valuable conversion rights for British holders of Rentes were on the point of being announced, and the absence of information on the subject in the hitherto overlooked official statement, explains the subsequent reaction. This reaction, however, may prove in the long run to have been a little premature. Obviously France wants to obtain the loan of as much fresh money as possible, and it is equally obvious that attractive conversion terms must attach if British investors already interested are to respond. The lists do not open until the 20th of October and in usually well-informed market circles the opinion is held that in the meantime a distinct inducement will be announced. It will have been noted already that 50 per cent. of subscriptions may take the form of existing Rentes and the idea in the market is that for conversion purposes the exchange will be at 40 francs to the pound sterling. The remaining 50 per cent. will of course be subscribed at the current rate of exchange. Without taking readers into a net-work of figures, we may say that this would be equivalent, approximately, to a 6 per cent. issue at about 50.

It is the rule rather than the exception nowadays, for stock markets to present anomalies, but these, when they are marked, are none the less worth pointing out. One that has been brought into prominence by the recent activity in Japanese bonds, is to be found in the case of the 5 per cent. sterling loan of 1907. This loan, which amounts to £23,000,000, was issued half in London and half in Paris, and whereas the London portion is quoted at 68, the Paris half, which is also dealt in on the London market, has recently changed hands at under 59. The explanation lies mainly in the fact that Paris sales have been prompted by the exchange position. The interest coupons are payable in sterling in March and September at the Yokohama Specie Bank, and the principal will be redeemed at par in 1947. Thus there is a generous yield and a substantial capital appreciation is assured.

Senor Obregon, the recently elected President of Mexico, continues to apply the new broom with refreshing vigour. The latest development is a message to the *Financial Times*, containing an assurance that the new Government will give preferential treatment to its foreign commitments, will deal with them in all seriousness, and will afford protection to all foreign capital invested in the Republic, whether present or future. This is encouraging, at all events, and goes some way towards justifying the revival of speculative interest which Mexican securities have recently enjoyed. Of course there is yet a long row to be hoed

before Mexican credit in Europe will regain, let alone improve upon, its former status, but on the other hand, it now seems clear that the intention is to reform, although having regard to previous promises, a little cynical scepticism is certainly excusable.

After all, Mexico's foreign obligations are not stupendous as finance goes in these days. The interest arrears on direct obligations quoted in London are estimated at some ten millions sterling, and if those of an indirect character, which include the 4½ per cent. Irrigation bonds, also amount to about this sum the total is not beyond the capacity of a country possessed of such tremendous natural wealth. The chief consideration at the moment is whether the country is really in process of settling down. Time alone can show this, but indications are certainly promising.

The announcements of the first of the Argentine railway ordinary dividends—those of the Buenos Aires Great Southern and the Buenos Aires Western—show that in each case the distribution is to be 4 per cent. making a total for the year of 7 per cent., which rate, prior to the war, was paid for fifteen years by the first-named and for thirteen years by the Buenos Aires Western. Last year the respective distributions were 3 per cent. and 4 per cent. At current quotations both the stocks concerned afford a return of well over ten per cent., a condition of affairs which is not likely to rule for long, seeing that the public are at last awakening to the attractions of Argentine railways securities. A like yield is, of course, obtainable on certain home railways stocks, but there is the marked distinction in the case of the former that future prosperity will hinge on enterprise and expansion. With home rails there is practically no scope for expansion and but little for enterprise, except in the direction of economies.

Quite a mild sensation has been provided in the Mining market by the Esperanza strike. The vein concerned when originally encountered gave a yield in gold and silver of about £13 per ton, but on further development it has yielded the astonishing value of £338 per ton, this too over a drive of 16 feet. The directors very wisely point out that a continuance of such results cannot reasonably be expected; and that the market accepts this view is evident from the comparatively moderate advance in the quotation for the shares which has taken place. Future development results will, however, necessarily be awaited with considerable interest. The Esperanza company has been in existence since 1903 and has quite a respectable dividend record. In 1906 for instance as much as 32s. per share was paid and 21s. was paid in the following year. Since then, however, distributions have been on a much more modest scale.

Manufacturing corporations have now to add to their cost, and consequently to their prices, Unemployment Insurance contributions. Under the Unemployment Insurance Act, 1920, which will come into operation on November 8, the general scheme provides for a weekly contribution at the following rates: Men of 18 and over, employer 4d. and employee 4d.; women of 18 and over, employer 3½d. and employee 3d.; boys of 16 and under 18, employer 2d. and employee 2d.; girls of 16 and under 18, employer 2d. and employee 1½d. For every contribution paid in respect of men and women the State will contribute 2d. and 1½d. respectively, and proportionate amounts in the case of boys and girls. Unemployment benefit will be at the rate of 15s. per week for men and 12s. per week for women. Contributors under 18 are entitled to half the full rate. No benefit is payable for the first three days of unemployment, which constitutes a "waiting period." Thereafter it is payable for a maximum of fifteen weeks in any insurance year, subject to the limitation that the amount of benefit drawn must not exceed the proportion of one week for every six contributions. During the first year benefit up to eight weeks may be claimed as soon as four contributions have been paid.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED

AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders of the Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd., was held on the 22nd inst., at 142, Holborn Bars, for the purpose of considering and if thought fit passing a resolution appointing Sir Thomas Charles Dewey, Bart., as president of the company on his retirement from the chairmanship.

Sir Thomas Dewey, who was received with cheers, announced that he had that morning tendered his resignation as chairman of the board, which had been accepted by the directors, who in his place had appointed Mr. A. C. Thompson, the general manager, as the chairman of the board.

Mr. Thompson, who then took the chair, said that before commencing the business of the meeting he would like to take the opportunity of thanking the shareholders for what he might describe as the endorsement of the action of the directors in electing him to the chair. They had all anticipated that the board might have had the opportunity of considering the claims of the deputy chairman, Mr. Edgar Horne, for election, but owing to the pressure of that gentleman's Parliamentary and other duties, he (Mr. Horne) did not see his way to allow himself to be nominated for the office. It was a matter for great satisfaction that Mr. Horne was willing to retain the office of deputy chairman under the new arrangement.

Mr. W. E. Horne, M.P., in moving that Sir Thomas Dewey be elected to the presidency of the company, stated that Sir Thomas had first become associated with the Prudential about sixty-three years ago. Sir Thomas was appointed manager of the industrial branch in 1873, and in 1904 he became general manager. Six years later, after having served about three years in the capacity of deputy-chairman, he was elected by his fellow-directors to be chairman of the company. In following in the steps of his predecessor, the late Sir Henry Harben, Sir Thomas thus became the second occupant of the position of president.

The growth of the Prudential during his sixty-three years of service—the premium income having increased from just over £5,000 to about £22,000,000—could only be described as phenomenal, and must be considered a wonderful tribute to the untiring energy and admirable foresight displayed by its new president in the many important positions in the company which he had held during the last half-century. As an authority on life assurance in general, and industrial life assurance in particular, Sir Thomas had in past years held a reputation second to none. As early as 1882 he was elected a fellow of the Institute of Actuaries; in

1889 he gave evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, and again a year later, in 1890, before a Committee of the House of Lords. Sir Thomas Dewey was, however, a man of many parts. While attaining an extraordinary measure of success in the world of insurance, he also achieved considerable distinction in other directions. During the war—in 1916, to be precise—in spite of advancing years and pressure of other duties, Sir Thomas found time and opportunity, at the instance of the Government, to serve with distinction as a member of the War Office Expenditure Committee. This position was far from being a nominal one, and insurance men were extremely gratified that his Majesty should in 1917 signify his appreciation of the labours of Sir Thomas by conferring upon him his present title. It seemed, therefore, singularly fitting, after so many years of eminent service in the world of insurance and in local and national affairs, that the shareholders of the Prudential should honour Sir Thomas, as well as themselves, by electing him their president. (Cheers.)

Sir William Lancaster seconded the motion, which was supported by several shareholders, and on being put to the meeting was carried with acclamation.

It was subsequently stated that Mr. Thompson was succeeded in the position of general manager by Sir Joseph Burn, K.B.E., the actuary of the company. Sir Joseph Burn, like his two predecessors, joined the Prudential in his early youth. As an actuary Sir Joseph had a very high reputation. His experience in the valuation of pension and superannuation funds was probably unequalled, and at the present moment he was one of the vice-presidents of the Institute of Actuaries. His sphere of influence, however, extended beyond the insurance world. In the City he was recognised as a financial expert of a considerable experience. Besides being an authority on Indian railways and American securities, he was also a director of the British Italian Corporation. During the war Sir Joseph Burn took a great interest in the War Savings Committee, being from its inception one of its chief members. Latterly he was a member of the Royal Commission on Decimal Coinage, where his knowledge of the habits of the masses in regard to their monetary affairs was of great value.

The board of directors have in consequence of these appointments made further changes among the officials of the company by appointing the assistant managers, Messrs. A. R. Barrand, M.P., F.I.A., E. Dewey, and H. R. Gray, to be deputy general managers. The board of directors have also appointed the assistant actuary, Mr. F. P. Symmons, F.I.A., to be deputy actuary, and Mr. W. C. Sharman, F.I.A., the present assistant secretary, to be deputy secretary.

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